

THREE  
PRECIOVS  
TEARES OF  
BLOOD,

Flowing from the wounded harts  
of three great French  
Ladies.

IN MEMORY, OF THE VERTUES,  
*complaint of the losse, and execration of*  
the murther, of that thrice-worthy Monarch,  
HENRY the Great.

Now shed againe in English.

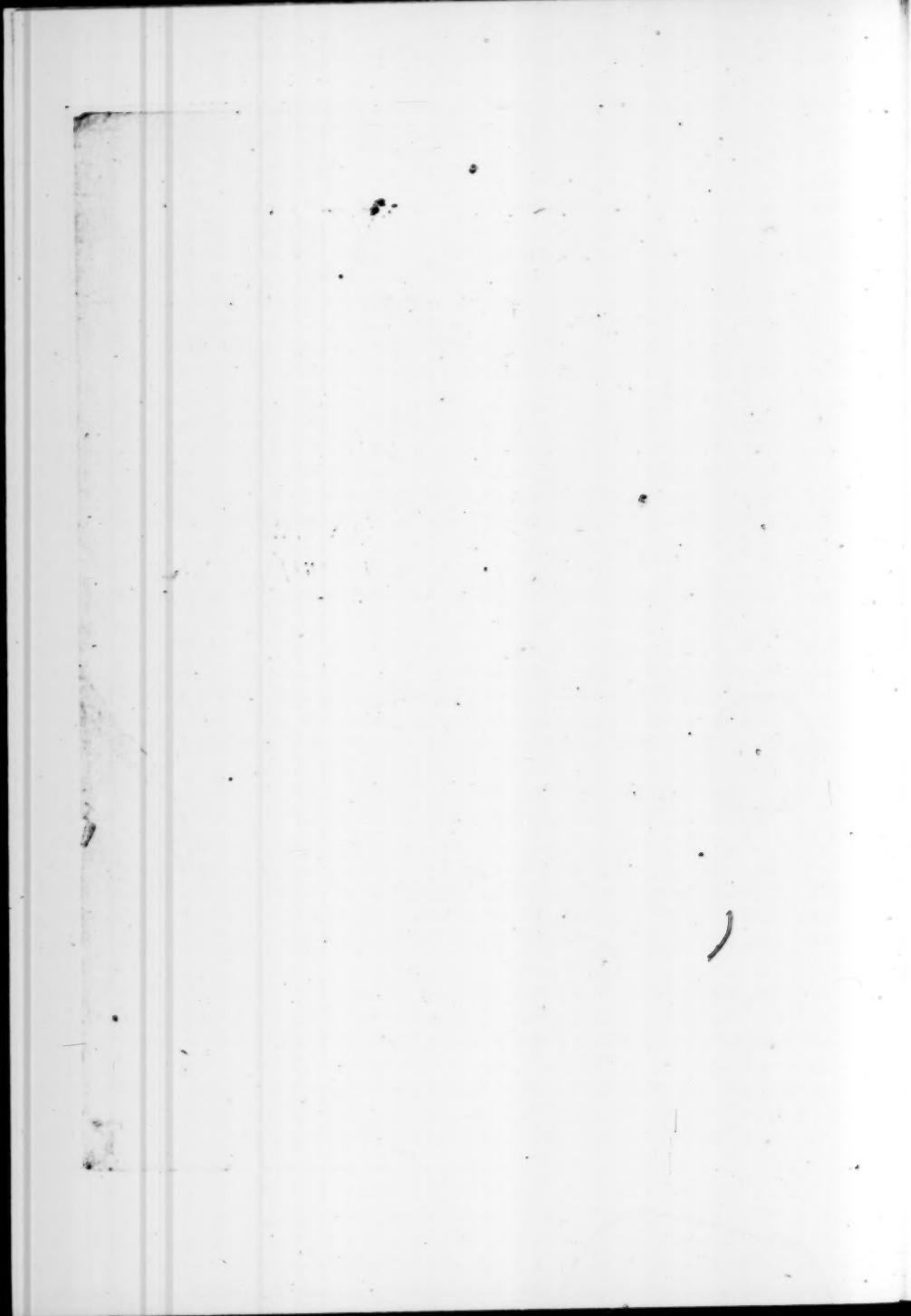
*To three of the most excellent among the excellentest  
Ladies of this little world, and of the greatest.*

---

L O N D O N

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there to be sold at his shop.

Anno 1611.





# TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE COVNTESSE OF DERBIE.

MADAME.



Ovr approoued loue to that great house which I most honour, and a true loue more grounded vpon right kindred of vertue, then of blood, which generally maketh you commendable to all the world, challenges yet a more speciall duty of me; besides that good will you vouchsafe to our Nation. I wish I could witnesse respect and gratefulnesse where I owe it, in a better matter, or of mine owne; But since I am not able, and yet will not forflow that duty, I giue you that which hath ben giuen me, and with that, the earnest of the earnest seruice which most humbly vowes to you,

*Your Honors*  
Most humble and most to be  
commanded servant. △



Larme premiere,

A LA MEMOIRE ET LOV.  
ANGE DE CE FAMEVZ  
MONARQUE, HENRY  
le grand.

1

**C**omme un foudre du Ciel, comme un torrent de  
Mars,  
Le tonnay, l'étonnay des Heclors aux alarmes,  
Le brauay les destins, & l'horreur des bazars,  
Se rendist hommager à l'honneur de mes armes.

2

Le retiray mes lis d'un deluge de sang  
Qu'un milion de coeurs enfloit de son carnage,  
Qui pensant me noyer aux ondes de mon flanc,  
Le noyay leurs desscins aux flots de mon courage.

3

On arma contre moy l'orgueil des Nations,  
Mais ce fut l'Ocean qui attaqua Neptune,  
Car ces vens orageuz furent des Alcions,  
Pour ancrez le vaisseau de ma bonne fortune.

4

En fin ie suffoquay les goziers renaiſſans,  
Et l'Hydre des Francois ſouz l'amas de mes palmes,  
Et d'une douce paiz les Oliuiers croiſſans,  
Ombrageoyent le ſejour de mes riuages calmes.

Attles



The first teare,

IN MEMORY AND PRAISE OF  
THAT FAMOUS MO-  
NARCH, HENRY  
*the Great.*

<sup>1</sup>  
**L**ike thundring Ioue, or like all-conquering  
Mars,  
I made great Hectors quake with my alarms,  
I brau'd the fates, and in my hardest warres  
Made horrorfel selfe yeeld honor to my armes.

<sup>2</sup>  
I sau'd my Lillies from a crimson flood  
Of bloody hearts rebellious to my Crowne :  
They thought to drown me quite in streams of blood,  
In stremes of courage I their thoughts did drown.

<sup>3</sup>  
The pride of Nations against me was bent,  
But like the sea which Neptun's force assayles :  
For those lowd stormes were but Alcions, sent  
To fixe the anchor of my peacefull sayles.

<sup>4</sup>  
Vnder the weight of my victorious bayes  
I crush'd that Hydra which my Fraunce opprest,  
And gaue my subiects leaue to passe their dayes  
Vnder the olive-shades of peace and rest.

5  
 Atlas s'ontint l'Olimpe, & moy cet Vnivers  
 Que i'auoy fait courber au faiz de mes Trophées,  
 Les mons n'etcyent pas tant de leurs neiges couuers,  
 Que mes cimes etoyent de mes fleurs estoffées.

6  
 Les poles fremissoyent au bruit de mes combas,  
 Et ceuz qui sont souz nous se disoyent ma conquête,  
 Il ne restoit plus rien de domstable icy bas,  
 A qui ie n'eusse mis le pied dessus la teste.

7  
 Bref ie ne faisoy plus que prescrire les loiz,  
 Mon nom estoit l'obiect des grandeurs de la terre,  
 Le bon heur me faisoit le Monarque des Roys,  
 Et mon cœur Martial, le Demon de la guerre.

8  
 Pour mon dernier triomphe il me faloit les cieuz,  
 Mais un si cher butin ne s'aquieret par la lame,  
 Et la lame pourtant du coup audacieuz  
 D'un bras desesperé y a porté mon ame.

9  
 Voila tousjours l'acier guide de mon destini,  
 Icy bas ce fut luy qui forgesa mes victoires,  
 Et puisque les Cesars ont une mesme fin,  
 L'acier devoit encor me conquerir ces gloires.

10  
 Puis qu'en ma pompe i'eus un Ciel de petis Dieuz,  
 Pour couronner de lis la Iunon de ma conche,  
 Il ne me restoit plus que le Nectar des Cieuz  
 Le monde n'ayant plus rien digne de ma bouche.

Comme

5  
 Atлас, Olimpus; I this world vpheld,  
 Which I made shrincke vnder my trophees loade:  
 Snow not so thicke lyes vpon mountaynes swel'd  
 As Palms, Bayes, Lillies, on my high abode.

6  
 The Poles did tremble at my conquest's sound,  
 Th' Antipodes did feare my victories,  
 Of all that could be conquer'd on the ground,  
 I made my feete aboue their heade to rise.

7  
 Thus, did I but prescribe the lawes to things,  
 My name their obiect was that greatest are,  
 My fortune made me Monarch ouer Kings,  
 My martiall heart, the Genius of the warre.

8  
 For my last triumph heau'n I should have had,  
 But such a pray's not gotten by the blade,  
 And yet the blade of an audacious mad  
 Thither my soule hath with a stroke conuaide.

9  
 Behold, how still the steele doth guide my fate,  
 And here cut out my victories below,  
 Now since by steele the Cesars end their state,  
 By steele why should not my last triumphs grow?

10  
 A heau'n of little Gods my pompe enjoy'd,  
 The Lillies of my Junoes bed which grac't;  
 Only of heau'n's sweet Nectar I was void,  
 Earth hauing nothing worthy of my tast.

When

(8)

<sup>11</sup>  
Comme en ce beau séjour l'esprit s'aise transi,  
Le Dauphin du grand Dieu me donnoit une palme,  
Mon Dauphin recevoit une Couronne aussi,  
Mais la sienne est au cors, & la mienne est en l'ame.

<sup>12</sup>  
Ainsi & Pere & Fils ensemble sont faits Rois,  
L'un pour offrir des vœux au trone de sa gloire,  
L'autre pour appuyer les Armes de ses Loix,  
Et tous deuz pour regner au temple de memoire.

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(9)

<sup>11</sup>  
When to this heau'ny rest my sprit did rise,  
With palme I was by God's great Dolphin crown'd,  
My little Dolphin had a crowne likewise,  
His on his head, mine on my soule was found.

<sup>12</sup>  
Thus both at once are Kings , not for one cause,  
The one to pay his vowes is thron'd in glory,  
The other to estab'lish armes and lawes,  
Yet both to raigne in times eternall story.

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C

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T O

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE VICOVNTESSE OF CRANBORN.

MADAME.


 Erein appeares both the scantnes of my power, hauing nothing of mine owne to present whom I respect; And the plenteousnes of my desire, rather borrowing of others then be wanting to the duties of a fervent affection, neuer so well witnessed but by giuing. But these English verses are already yours by so many reasons, as without to much wrong I cannot alienate them to another. First, they be mine, and I yours; Mine I say, by free gift, and there is no better title for propriety. Then, they be made at my request, and by such a one, whose worthines makes him yours indeede, yea, of goodvse too; where alas I am yours but in vow and idle thought, without acceptation: I confess it to my shame, and the further from envy, the nearer to sorrow. Moreouer, since the rare life, and rarest death of so great a King, written

ten by a *Man*, was tendered to your Noble *Husband*; me thought the complaint for his losse, penned by a *Woman*, could be no where so well directed as to his deere *wife*: Finally, that honor of womankinde (the more feelingly mourning, because besides the general interest, she was very neere in blood to that deceased Monarch) being a faire, young, and most excellent Lady, of one of the most ancient and Prince-ly houses, not of Fraunce only, but of all the world, claimes to the full as many qualities, in whomsoever her admirable workes must be presented vnto. All which finding no where els in one only subiect, together; nor all, so plentifully, nor euery one, in so high a degree; I must needes dedicate them to you, though otherwise (both by desire, vow and affection to all those you most neerely belong vnto, and to your selfe) I were not already,

*Tony Honours*

Most humble and most to be  
commanded seruant. △



Larme seconde,

COMPLAINTE DE MADAME  
MOYSELLE ANNE DE ROHAN,  
SUR LA MORT DU GRAND  
Roy, HENRY  
IIIL

I

**Q**uoy ? fam-il que HENRY, ce redouté Monarque  
Ce dompteur des humains, soit dompté par la Parque ?  
Que l'ail qui vit sa gloire, ores voye sa fin ?  
Que le nostre pour luy incessamment degoutte ?  
Et que si peu de terre, enferme dans son sein  
Celuy qui meritoit de la posséder toute ?

2

Quoy ? faut-il qu'à iamais, nos ioyes soient eteintes ?  
Que nos chants & nos rix, soient convertis en plaintes ?  
Qu'au lieu de notre Roy, le dnoil regne en ces lieux ?  
Que la douleur nous poigne, & le regret nous ferre ?  
Que sans fin nos soupirs montent dedans les cieux ?  
Que sans espoir nos pleurs descendent sur la terre ?

3

Il le faut, on le doit ; Et que poumons-nous rendre,  
Que des pleurs assidus à cete anguille cendre ?  
Arronfions à iamais son triste marbre blanc :  
Non, non, plutost quittons ces amiles armes ;  
Mais puis qu'il fut pour nous prodigue de son sang,  
Serions nous bien pour luy, amares de nos larmes ?

Quand



The second teare,

A COMPLAINT OF THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE, THE LADY ANNE  
OF ROHAN, UPON THE DEATH  
of that great King, HENRY  
*she fourth.*

1

**M**VS great redoubted H E N R Y, ô must he  
That aw'd & tam'd men, now be tam'd by death?  
Must we that saw his glory, his end see? (breath)  
And spend in showers our teares, in sighs our  
O must so little earth hold him, whose merit  
Suffis'd, that he the whole earth should inherit?

2

Must all our ioyes ever extinct remaine?  
Must mirth and musick turne to sad lament?  
In place of such a King, must sorrow raigne?  
Must anguish pearce our soules, greefe our harts rent?  
While endles sighs are towards heavn exhaling,  
Must hopeles teares still on the earth be falling?

3

They must, they ought; what tribute can we pay  
His sacred ashes, but our teares? most fit  
To sprinkle the sad marble, wherein they  
Repose; No, no, such helpeles helps let's quit;  
Yet since his blood he spared not, vs to pleasure,  
Shall we spate to spend teares, so poore a treasure?

D

Should

4  
*Quand bien nos yeuz seroient convertis en fontaines,  
 Ils ne sauroient noyer la moindre de nos peines,  
 On epanche des pleurs pour un simple meschef ;  
 Vn devoir trop commun, bien souuent peu s'estime :  
 Il fait doncques mourir anz piez de notre Chef,  
 Son tombeau sou l'autel, & nos cors la vultime.*

5  
*Mais qui pourroit mourir ? Les Parques filandieres  
 De daignent de toucher à nos moites paupieres,  
 Ayans ferme les yeuz du Prince des guerriers,  
 Atropos de sa proye est par trop glorieuse,  
 Elle peut bien changer ses Cyprez en Lauriers,  
 Puis que de ce vainqueur elle est victorieuse.*

6  
*Puis qu'il nous faut encor, & soupirer & vivre  
 Puis que la Parque fuit cenz qui la veulent faire,  
 Vurons donc, en plaignant notre rigourenz fort,  
 Notre bon-heur perdu, notre joye ranye,  
 Lamentons, soupirons, & insques à la mort,  
 Temoignons qu'en vivant nous pleurons notre vie.*

7  
*Plaignons, pleurons sans fin cet esprit admirable,  
 Ce iugement parfait, cet humeur agreable,  
 Cet Hercule sans pair, aussi bien que sans peur ;  
 Tant de perfections qu'en louant on soupire,  
 Qui pourroient assurer le monde à sa valeur,  
 Si sa rare equité n'eut borneé son Empire.*

8  
*Regrettons, soupirons cette sage Prudence,  
 Cette extreme Bonté, cette rare Vaillance,  
 Ce cœur qui se pouuoit flechir, & non dompter ;  
 Vertus de qui la perle est à nous tant amere,  
 Et que ie puis pluor admirer que chanter,  
 Puis qu'à ce grand Achille il fandroit un Homere.*

*Mais*

7  
 Should our distilling eyes to fountaines tourne,  
 Of all our greefs they would not drowne the leſt ;  
 With teares for each light caufe we lightly mourne,  
 And common things are ſeldome in request :

4  
 Then dye we muſt, nought els is worth the proffring,  
 His tombe the Altar, we muſt be the offring.

5  
 But who can dye ? the spinning destinies  
 Disdaine to touch our moistened eyes, now they  
 Haue cloſ'd his, whose great hart did death deſpise ;  
 Pale Atropos proud of ſo rich a pray  
 May beare for Cypres, Bayes ; a change moſt glorious,  
 Since ſhe proues victor of the moſt victorius.

6  
 Since we muſt yet lament, and liue ; ſince fate  
 Attends them leaſt that doe pursue it moſt ;  
 O let vs liue lamenting our hard ſtate,  
 Our ioy bereft vs, and our comfort loſt ;  
 Let ſe greeue, weepe, ſigh, this teſtimony giuing  
 Till death, that we bewaile our liue in liuing.

7  
 Let's mourne to loſe that ſpirit ſo admirde,  
 That perfect judgement, that ſweet Noblenes,  
 That Peerles, Fearles Hercules, inspirde  
 With more perfections then words can exprefſe ;  
 Who would haue brought the world in his ſubiection,  
 But that his iuſtice bounded his affection.

8  
 Let's mourne that that graue wiſdome ſo ſhould end,  
 That beſt of goodnes, that great valiant minde,  
 That hart that knew not how to breake, though bend ;  
 Deere parts, whose vſe we had, whose loſſe we ſinde :  
 I rather can admire then ſing their glory,  
 Such an Achilles fits an Homers iſtory.

*Mais parmy ces vertus, par mes vers publiées,  
Lairon-nous sa Clemence au rang des oubliées,  
Qui seulement avoit le pardon pour objet ?  
Pardon qui rameut au cœur des Rois sa trouée :  
En partie l'ennemy, non le loyal sujet,  
En face le ranc qu'en a fait l'épreuve.*

*Pourroit-on bien conter la nombre de ses gloires ?  
Pourroit-on bien nombrer ses insignes victoires ?  
Non, d'un si grand discours le dessein est trop hant :  
On dont louer sans fin, ce qu'en ne peut décrire,  
Il faut humble se taire, ou pavler comme il faut.  
Et cely ne dit rien qui ne pente assez dure.*

*Ce Mars dont les vertus furent jadis sans nombre  
Et que nul n'egaloit, est égal à une ombre.  
Le fort a ressenty d'Atropos les effors,  
Le Vainqueur est gisant dessous la froide lame,  
Et le fer infernal qui luy perça le cors,  
Fait qu'une àpre douleur nous perç à jamais l'ame.*

*Jadis pour ses beaux faits, nous elevions nos testes,  
L'ombre de ses lauriers nous gardoit des tempêtes,  
La fin de ses combats finissoit notre effroy :  
Nous-nous prissons sans seuls, nous ne prissons les autres  
Et sans plus glorieux d'être sujets du Roy,  
Que si les autres Rois eussent esté les notres.*

*Maintenant notre glorie est à jamais ternie,  
Maintenant notre joie est pour jamais finie,  
Les Lys sont arrerrez, & nous amenez enx :  
Dafné baillie cheune en terre son visage,  
Ensemble par ce geste, humble auant que pitenz,  
On couronner sa tombe, ou bien luy faire hommage.*

9

But in the throng of vertues mustred here,  
 Shall his rare Clemency in silence rest,  
 Which pardon only held for object deere,  
 Pardon to seldome lodg'd in Princes breast?

This ask's not his friends, but his foe's expression,  
 Let them that made prooef of it make confession.

10

Who can the number of his acts recount?  
 His famous victories who can set forth?  
 Their due discourse doth my poore power surmount,  
 No end of praise where is no end of worth;  
 Silence should still be kept, or wisely broken, (ken.  
 He speakes nought who speakes not, what should be spo-

11

That man for his perfections numberles,  
 Like none alive, is now but like the dead;  
 The strong hath found his strength then deaths strength les,  
 The Conqueror now conquer'd lies in lead:  
 Th' infernall Steele that pierc'd without compassion  
 His royll flesh, hath pierc'd our soules with passion.

12

His acts made vs our heads aloft to reare,  
 His laurels shades did vs from tempests shroud,  
 The end of his fightes ended all our feates,  
 We scorning others of our selues were proud;  
 Prouder to liue in such a Kings subjection,  
 Then to haue subje~~ct~~ Kings in our protection.

13

Our glory now we withring dying see,  
 Now are our joyes for euer finished,  
 Our Flour-de-luces buryed, with them we;  
 Sad Daphne hanging her triumphant head  
 In humble pittifull respect vnto him,  
 Seemes she will crowne his tombe, or homage doe him.

E

Deere

France pleure ton Roy qu'un noir cachot enferre,  
 Roy florissant en paix, Vistorieux en guerre,  
 Qui conservoit des tiens les biens, les libertez;  
 Telle sans fin des cris & des larmes non feintes  
 Insques au bout du monde; Auz lieux plus ecartez  
 On resonnoient ses fauts, fay resonner tes plaintes.

Modelle de l'bonneur, & l'bonneur de la France,  
 Reine des Lys: Francois, parmy tant de souffrance  
 Votre pleur est sans fin, votre cœur sans confort;  
 Et le regret cuiسام dont votre ame est suinie  
 Vons fait anssi souhaiter votre mort,  
 Que vos vertus nous font desirer votre vie.

Las! combien est votre ame au dueil abandonnee,  
 Quand von vous souvenez de l'heureuse ionnee  
 Laquelle innocemment a nos maux precedé;  
 Et que force beau chef que le noir enuironne,  
 As piteusement & si tot succédé  
 Le dueil à l'ornement, le voile à la Couronne.

Mais parmy vos douleurs, parmy tant de misères  
 Gardez, vous gardez-nous ces six reliques chères,  
 Gages de votre amour, espoir en nos malheurs;  
 Etonnez vos soupirs, sechez votre oeil liquide,  
 Et pour calmer un iour l'orage de nos pleurs,  
 Soyez de cet Etat le secours & la guide.

Belliqueste Noblesse, un iour si triomphante,  
 Et par le sort cruel en l'autre, si dolente,  
 Perdant un si grand Prince, un pere tant humain,  
 Votre oeil plante sans fin, & iamais ne sommeille  
 Quand il vous souviendra du triste lendemain,  
 Qui fut de vos malheurs & le iour & la veille.

Deare France bewaile thy King, thy King of late  
 Blest in his peace, victorious in his warres,  
 Conseruer of thy freedome, goods and state,  
 Ceasellesse cry out, powre out vnfained teares;

As farre as earth hath earth for mans remaining,  
 As farre as his name rings, ring out thy playning.

Modell of honour, honour of our France,  
 Queene of the Flower-de-luces, in these woes  
 Your teares are without stop, your sufferance  
 Without redressey; your griefe that no end knowes  
 Makes you as often wish your life expired,  
 As your life for your vertues is desired.

Oh! how your soule to grieve abandon'd lyes,  
 When you but thinke on that thrice-blesSED day  
 Which harmeles did precede our miseries,  
 How on that faire head, where you now display  
 Sad blacke, you should be seene so quickly turning  
 A rich crowne to a vaile, splendor to mourning.

But, ô amidst your woes, your wounding cares,  
 Those six deare reliques, pledges of your loue,  
 Saue for your selfe, for vs, to slacke our feares;  
 So cease to sigh, to weepe, and cares remoue,  
 And in those seas of grieve better to cleare vs  
 From stormes of teares, be you our guide to steere vs.

Warlike Nobility, you that one day,  
 Triumphant were; the next, by fa'e deprest;  
 Your King, your Father, your deare Countries slay,  
 Thus oft, weepe still and barre your eyes their rest;  
 While you remember that blacke dismall morrow,  
 The day and eue to the cause of your sorrow.

19.

Endossez le barrois, aiguisez vos epees,  
 Puis les rendez de sang & de larmes trempees,  
 Cerchez au c le fer, jusques dedans le flanc  
 Des secrets inuincens du traître parricide;  
 Emplissez l'Ocean des fleuves de leur sang,  
 Ou mourez au vangez la mort de notre Alcide.

20

Reynes du double mont, admirable Neuuaime,  
 Sechez par vos soubirs votre docte fontaine,  
 Puis l'emplissez de pleurs; afin que les esprits  
 Qui vont rendans leurs vœus au temple de Memoire,  
 Abrennez de cete eau pleurent par leurs écrits  
 Le trepas de celiuy, dont ils chantoyent la gloire.

21

Arrachez vos lauriers, tant aymer de Minerue,  
 Hé! pour qui, doctes sœurs, en feriez-vous reserue,  
 Puis que le Chef n'est plus qui les souloit porter?  
 Que la mort qui vainc tout, a vaincu l'Inuincible?  
 Ne cessez, cher troupeau, de plaindre & lamentier,  
 Et pour être immortel, ne soyez impasible.

22

Mais quoy? pourrions-nous bien vous prescrire des larmes?  
 Ne vous servez-vous pas de ces liquides armes,  
 Pour combattre l'ennuy qui nous accable tous?  
 De nos extremes maux, vos regrets sont extremes,  
 Vous pleurez de pitié quand vous songez à nous.  
 Vous pleurez de douleur en pensant à vous-mesmes.

23

Que les rocs soient emus, de nos larmes non feintes,  
 Que les monts & les bois ne resonnent que plaintes,  
 Que les pleurs des voisins, montrent leur desespoir;  
 Que nous & nous lamentions, par cette piteuseconde,  
 Nous d'anoir trop peu vne, enz de n'anoir pu voir  
 La Gloire des Francois, le Miracle du monde.

Mais

Clap on your armour, whet your swords, and then  
 Yet moilt with teares, sleepe them in blood of foe's,  
 Pierce to the hearts of thosc damn'd monster-men  
 From whose inuention such destruction flowes;  
 With riuers of their blood th'Ocean filling,  
 Dye or reuenge our great Alcides killing.

Queenes of the forked mount, admird nine,  
 O with your sighs your learned fountaines dry,  
 Then fill againe with teares, that those diuine  
 Spirits that pay their vowes to memory,  
 Tasting those drops, may with teares sing the story  
 Of his death, of whose life they sung the glory.

Teare downe your bayes, Minervaes sacred boughs,  
 For whom (wise brood) are they preferued by you?  
 He's gone that wont with them beguift his browes  
 Whom none could vanquish, death hath vanquisht now,  
 Cease not (deare troupe) to shew in saddest fashion,  
 Immortall though you be, that you haue passion.

But shall we dare prescribe your teares their course?  
 Doe you not make vse of those liquid armes  
 To combate sorrowes ouermauling force?  
 Extreme your greefes ~~are~~ for our extreme harmes;  
 Thinking on vs, you teares of pity borrow,  
 When you thinke on your selues, teares spring of sorrow.

O let your plaints the rocks to pitty moue,  
 Let mountaines, vallyes, woods resound our cryes,  
 Let neighbours teares their desprat state approue,  
 Let them and vs lament; They, that their eyes  
 Saw not at all; We, lesse then we desired  
 The glory of the French, the worlds admired.

( 22 )

22.

*Mais quoy ? sans fin, sans fruit, nos humides paupieres  
Feront-elles conler des piteuses rimieres ?  
Les ans n'en pourront-ils faire arréter le cours ?  
Nos bouches à l'enuy plairont-elles sans cesse ?  
Et nos cœurs sanglotans, seront-ils pour tonsionys  
Esclaves du malheur, hôtes de la tristesse ?*

23.

*Ouy, nous plairont sans fin ; Hé ! quel Scythé denie  
A des mains infinis, une plainte infinie ?  
Montrons d'un rare Prince un regret non commun,  
Ou vivons pour le plairdre, ou mourrons pour le suaire,  
Soy vivans, soit mourans, témoignons à chacun  
Qu'en cessant de pleurer nous cesserons de vivre.*

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( 23 )

24

But shall our fruitles teares nere cease? shall they  
Like riuers from our moist eyes cuer flow?  
Shall no time their impetuous current stay?  
Shall we still striue who lowdefl cryes can throw?  
And shall our throbbing harts be still remaining  
Slaues to mishap, dull fadnes intertwining.

25

O I, let's ceaseles waile, what Scithian hart  
Can endles plaints to endles woes denie?  
For such a King let's acht greefes liueliest part,  
Let's liue his mourners or his folowers dye;  
Liuing or dying let's not greefe diminish,  
Till life and greefe shall at one instant finish.

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F 2

TO

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## TO THE RIGHT HO-

*NORABLE, THE LADY*

*CLIFFORD.*

MADAME.



Must needs be faithfull to my grounds : Once I remember I chose you all for my Zodiacke, though but foure ; yet foure such, whose light could not be lesse worth then for twelue : And wonderful great must that great light be indeed, whose glorious beames I haue feene euen from Fraunce, euen through mine eares, though mine eyes could not as yet be so happy, as to looke vpon your faces. I thanke God that according to my wish, there hath been so brightfull a starr since added to your number, and so good an order taken for the filling vp of that want, which then I was bold to marke in that faire circle. No doubt but by these fortunate coniunctions, there will arise such a quantity of new Planets vpon our Orizon ; of worthy Knights ( no lesse then *Castor* and *Pollux* ) of braue Lyons, of faire Virgins, and other bright shinning

ning starres, as too farre exceeding one Zodiacke,  
 they shall wander farre and wide from this English  
 heauen through the remote clymes of this world,  
 where your famous name and fame will shine for e-  
 ver. In the meane time ioying and wondering at so  
 much light as there is, let this serue me towards you  
 and to all the world, still for a witnes (though small)  
 of my siacerest zeale (though hitherto but vaine and  
 without fruit) how farre I am, or rather would be,

*Tony Honours*  
 Most humble and most to be  
 commanded seruant  $\Delta$ .

---

G

*Larme*

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Larme troisieme,  
**EN EXECRATION**  
**DV MEVR TRE DV GRAND**  
 Roy, HENRY, IIII.

**E**xorable Assasin dont l'enfer avorta,  
 Parricide public que Mere alanta,  
 Horreur de la Nature;  
 Organe de Satan, retourne de formois  
 Au fond du meisme enfer, hurler à tout l'amais  
 Pour telle forfaiture.

**2**  
 Que là tant de malheurs que vient sur nous versant  
 Ton sacrilege bras, tant de larmes de sang  
 Que tu nous fais repandre,  
 En tes propres tourmens aillent se transformer,  
 Sans que l'amais serpent se puise r'animcr,  
 De ta maudite cendre.

**3**  
 Par toi le Monde est veuf d'un Roy, dont le Soleil  
 Depuis qu'il fut cree n'a point veu de pareil  
 Entre les grands & instes;  
 Qui de guerre & de Paiz a culti ve les ars,  
 Plus magnifiquement que tous ces viens Cesars,  
 Qui sont les plus Augustes.

ROY



The third teare,  
**I N E X E C R A T I O N**  
**O F T H E M V R T H E R**  
 of that great King, **H E N R Y**  
*the fourth.*

**D**Amn'd murtherer, ô hels abortiue cursl,  
 Parricide of vs all, by furies nurst,  
 Horror of Nature, helice;  
 Instrument of Satan, forthwith returne  
 To thy first depth, where euer howling mourne  
 For thy hainous offence.

**2**  
 As many plagues as here thy false hand powers  
 On vs, as many teares of bloud in showers  
 As still thou mak'st vs spend,  
 Fall to thy torments there; in such a wise  
 As from thy cursed ashes never rise  
 Another such a fendl.

**3**  
 Thou rob'st the world of such a King, whose peare  
 For Iustice and for power did nere appeare  
 Vnder the lunnes faire eye;  
 Such an Artifl as well in peace and warre,  
 Beyond the bruit of those old Cefars, tarre  
 Of famous memory.

4  
 Roy, duquel la sagesse a de loin surpassé  
 Tous les chefs couronnés qui l'avoient devancé ;  
 Dont la douceur immense  
 Toujours accompagna la grave Majesté,  
 Seul semblable à soi-même, en Candeur, en Bonté,  
 Foi, Valeur & Clemence.

5  
 Mais tu n'as seul commis cet inique forfait,  
 Le mal, que trop souvent chacun de nous a fait,  
 Et l'impie doctrine,  
 De vous, qui les sujets des Princes seduisez,  
 Et sans cesse contre eux vos conseaux éguisez,  
 Ont navré sa poitrine.

6  
 Encor pour augmenter nos extremes douleurs,  
 Nos immortels regrets, nos excessifs malheurs,  
 Sont aggravés d'un autre ;  
 C'est qu'à vos attentats trop bon il pardonna,  
 Que par trop liberal son cœur il vous donna,  
 Sans qu'il ait en le voire.

7  
 Et que d'un si grand Roy ( sous lequel a tremblé  
 De tous les plus grans Rois le pouvoir asssemblé )  
 La preciuse vie,  
 Qui rendoit bien-heureux tant & tant de mortels,  
 Pour servir de victime à vos sanglans assouls,  
 Nous soit ainsi rauise,

8  
 RIONE, de qui le ciel tira le rameau d'or,  
 Ce Prince, est yenz, duquel nous renoyons encor  
 L'Image vive & bello  
 Du grand Roy vorre épous, puissiez-vous bien garder  
 Vos cœurs, & les siens, des coups que fait darder  
 Cesse cette cruelle.

4  
 A King whose worth no little doth surpas  
 All their crown'd heads, whose raigne before his was;  
 Whose wonderfull meeknes,  
 Went still combin'd with Royall Maiesy,  
 Like his braue selfe alone, in purity,  
 Truth, faith, valor, goodnes.

5  
 Yet this soule part thou artest not alone,  
 The sins by each to often done,  
 And that most impious ground  
 Of you, that subiects harts from Kings seduce,  
 Whetting your kniues to breake that loyall truce,  
 His royall breast did wound.

6  
 More to augment our harts extreamely bleeding,  
 Our never dying sorrowes, greefes exceeding,  
 This added is to ours;  
 That he, to kinde, must your attemptes forgiue,  
 By much to kind, his hart to you must giue,  
 Yet never could haue yours.

7  
 That this great King (vnder whose pow'r did quake  
 The greatest pow'r the greatest Kings could make)  
 His life so highly prised;  
 That life which hath so many happy made,  
 Should on your bloody altars now be laide,  
 Thus to be sacrificed.

8  
 Deare Queene, from whom heau'n pluck't this branch of  
 Our Prince, in whose eyes yet we faire behold (Gold  
 Those worthy living parts  
 Of that great King your husband, O protect  
 Your sides and his, from that so cruell sed,  
 To expect at these darts.

H

Those

9  
*N'approchant point de vous ces Hydres sibydeus,  
 Et vos dens, & vos cœurs seront garentis d'eus,  
 Leur venin si funeste,  
 N'a pour contre-poison excellent que le soin  
 De s'en contre-garder en s'en tenant bien loin  
 Ainsi que de la peste.*

10  
*TV TRICE du Roy amme, & du Roy qui fermez  
 De Mere à tous les dens sous les dens prefermez  
 De ce mal, sans attendre,  
 Que par un coup troisime on nous aille egorger,  
 Et qu'un dernier malheur nous venant s'acager  
 Mette l'Etat en cendre.*

11  
*DIEV qui de notre ROI NE au le chef couronné,  
 Qui de ta main l'as ointe, & qui lui as donné  
 Des graces si parfaites;  
 Rens sa gloire immortelle, en faisant que nos Rois  
 Regnent à l'avenir sûrement par les lois  
 Que sage elle aura faites.*

12  
*Et comme tu as pu d'invisibles aimans  
 Convertir en amour des dvers Elemenz  
 La discorde ancienne;  
 D'indissolubles nœus etrain les volontez,  
 Et tous les cœurs Francois envers leus Magestez,  
 On nous voyons la tienne.*

13  
*Afin qu'à ce devoir tous nos vœus addressez  
 I l'amus en cet Etat nous ne soyons poussiez  
 De passions contraires;  
 Mais qu'en notre patrie, aux Spartains ressemblans,  
 Nous allions en un camp tous nos cœurs rassemblans  
 Ainsi que plusieurs freres.*

Those Hidraes must not come where you reside,  
So shall your teeth and harts at rest abide,  
Their poison will infest,  
Without your care, there's no such Antitode  
As is to keepe your selues alwaies remote  
From them as from the pest.

Our Kingdome and Kings Guardian, you that serue  
As mother to them both, then both preserue  
From mischiefe without stayng;  
Leaft by a third stroake we, our state and all,  
Vnhappily at length to ruine fall  
By your to kind delaying.

O God, which with thy hand vpon her head  
Haft set her Crowne, and thine oyle on her shed,  
Granting her so great grace;  
Make her name liue, as she shall be the cause  
Our Kings may raigne in peace by her wile lawes,  
When thou bring'ſt the m in place.

And as thou haſt by adamants vnkownne  
Drawne Elements from Enemies to one,  
As we ſee them agree;  
So Lord, vnite each Frenchmans hart and minde,  
That faſt their loue to their kings they may bindē,  
In whose face thine we ſee.

That to this end all our endeauours tending,  
Our wils may neuer in this realme be bending  
To any factious paſſion;  
But Spartan-like our Country vndeuided  
All our harts knit may as one hart be guided,  
In a brotherly paſſion.

( 32 )

<sup>14</sup>

*Et que tout ce qui reste aujourd' huy de bon sang  
Dans cette Monarchie, en vn se ramassant  
Plus generenz, ne cesse  
(Vangeant d'un si bon Roy le cher sang repandu)  
De mienz garder son cœur, puis qu'il nous l'a rendu,  
En ce sis qu'il nous laisse.*

<sup>14</sup>

*And that the rest of all our gen'rous blood,  
Within this Realme may now become one flood  
Not stopping, till we find  
Meanes to revenge our good Kings deare blood shed,  
And keepe his hart more safe (restor'd though dead)  
In this sonne left behind.*

<sup>15</sup>

*Anquel tant de vertus, croissantes à l'envi  
Rendront incessamment si fort sujette à las  
La fortune prospere,  
Qui en peu d'ans & par tout sa dextre plantera  
Les triumphans lauriers, que sans fin produira  
Le tombeau de son Père.*

<sup>15</sup>

*In whom such vertue doth already grow,  
As it shall make proude fortune stoope and know  
Subiection to his worth;  
And thus in time his planting hand shall fill  
The world with those victorious bayes, which still  
His fathers tombe brings forth.*

F I N I S.

14625

740. [NICCOLS (RICHARD)] Three Precious Yeares of  
Blood Flowing from the wounded harts of three great French  
Ladies. In Memory of the vertues, complaint of the losse, and  
exeration of the Murther, of that thrice-worthye Monarch Henry  
the Great. Now shed againe in English. To three of the most  
excellent among the excellentest Ladies of this little world, and  
of the greatest. Sm. 4to, in French and English Verse opposite  
each other, fine large copy, morocco extra, by Riviere.  
London: Printed at Britaine-Burse for John Budge Anno, 1611  
EXCEESSIVELY RARE. There is no record of a copy being sold by auction  
since that of Thomas Corser in 1871. Each 'teare' has a separate dedi-  
cation signed A. The three 'excellentest Ladies' were the 'Countesse  
of Derby,' the 'Viscountesse of Cranborne,' and the 'Lady Clifford.'